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THE HAPPY ENGLISH HOME.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN RUSSIA.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF CATHERINE II.

CHAPTER LXIII.—FEODORA'S POSTSCRIPT.

So Penrhyn Clifford had not been killed, after all; and you may be sure that he had more than one

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interested listener to the tale he had to tell of the scenes he had witnessed, and the dangers he had escaped. We had tears to give for the poor Polish officer and his lancers; pity and thanks for poor Paul, who, in spite of his ill-favoured countenance

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and whatever had been his crimes, had shown, by his gratitude for slight favours, that human sympathies were not extinguished in his breast; we had thanks, too, and loving remembrances to send to good Johan Muller and his Gertrude, and hopes to express that they might still find the Almighty arm a defence amidst the confusion and din of war.

And now that my generous benefactor had recovered his lost nephew, I had to look forward to a parting, which there is no need for me to say would be a sorrowful one. I knew that Mr. Penrhyn's mind was set on returning to his native country, and I naturally supposed that he would lose no time in completing his preparations for leaving Russia. And how could I think of thus losing my firm and kind friend—almost my only remaining friend in all Russia—without some pangs of grief?

But I knew not how it was that when it was alluded to, Mr. Penrhyn spoke of the journey as some distant and even problematical event, and did not even hint at an early return to St. Petersburg. Meanwhile the spring ripened into summer, and, except that he was more cheerful and happy, and that his nephew seemed to grow more and more attached to Sarepta—at any rate, that he expressed a decided repugnance to leaving the peaceful German colony, and became vastly interested in the industrial pursuits of the prosperous community, and that they made frequent excursions through the neighbouring colony, and bought a small vessel for the sake of varying these excursions, in which they often sailed on the little river Sarpa and the broad Volga, and that they never took one of these short trips without inviting me (and Mava, of course) to accompany them—I say, except for these insignificant changes, things went on at Sarepta, after Penrhyn Clifford's unexpected and welcome appearance, much as they had done before.

It was naturally to be expected—and I do not think I should have felt it very, very much, at least I should not have thought it extraordinary—if my dear generous friend's disinterested attention to me had gradually become less constant now that his nephew was restored to him. But indeed this made no difference to him. He had a heart large enough for any number of friendships. In truth, if there were any difference, I think it was that I received from Mr. Penrhyn, after his nephew's return, more kind and delicate attentions than before.

Of course I still lived with the unmarried Sisters in their pretty imitation convent; not that it was at all like a convent, and was not intended to be, but a very pleasant sort of family household it was, and there were some very agreeable and sensible young women in it. Well, one day one of these, who was frank and open-hearted, but rather outspoken, took me aside, and we had a long conversation in the garden of our pleasant house. I need not tell what the conversation was about; all I have to say is, that I went into my little room very much confused, and, indeed, distressed; and when, the next day, my good Mr. Penrhyn came to ask me to accompany him and Penrhyn Clifford on a short trip in the pleasure-boat, I was really too unwell and agitated to accept the invitation.

The next day after that I went to Mr. Penrhyn's house, and asked to see him alone, which of course did not seem very remarkable; for he was so like a father to me, that I could very well take that liberty with him.

He did not look surprised or angry when I told him on that occasion how deeply I felt all his love and kindness to me, and hoped he did not think me ungrateful.

"Ungrateful, my dear child!" he said. "O no. What could have put such a preposterous thought into your little head?" These were pretty nearly his words.

Would he think me ungrateful, I faltered, if I expressed a wish to leave Sarepta?

"Go on, my dear child," he said. "I think you have something more to say;" and so he encouraged me to say that perhaps the little Katrina might need a governess, or that if *she* did not, that I might obtain employment in some Russian family, like that I had at Semeonovskoye, and that I felt more fitted now than I had been then for teaching; and that, in short, I was concerned to be working for myself, and that I thought, if he would kindly assist me to obtain a pupil—

"Do you know, my dear child," he said, rather interrupting me, or, I should say, coming to my assistance, for I know I stammered dreadfully, "do you know I have been thinking of the same thing? and—yes—I think it is time you had a pupil."

I cannot tell how disappointed—no, not disappointed exactly, but damped—I felt when he said this. It was plain that I ought to have spoken before on the subject.

"I have been turning it over in my mind a good deal lately," he went on, "and, indeed, for some time past, and—I hope Miss Graham will not be offended with me when I say that I have even been looking out on her behalf, and that I think I have found a pupil for her."

I am afraid that my tongue did not express quite what I felt when I said how thankful I was for this new kindness; for in my heart I was grieving that I had not thought before of what my kind guardian evidently expected of me.

"Is it in St. Petersburg, sir?" I asked; "and is the young lady—"

"I am not sure where the young—the pupil—I mean, I am not sure where the home is," said Mr. Penrhyn, smiling at his own hesitation. "But perhaps," he added, "you would like to see the young—the pupil—before you engage; and it happens that I can just now indulge this natural and prudent precaution." And, so saying, he left the room, and me in great wonder and some confusion.

I had not long to wait. A minute afterwards he returned arm-in-arm with—

With Penrhyn Clifford.

"Dearest Feodora, will you have me for a pupil?"

The voice was not Mr. Penrhyn's; for he had already left the room, and there was no one there besides Penrhyn Clifford and myself.

CHAPTER LXIV.

OUR OWN POSTSCRIPT.

Two or three years passed away, and then a merchant ship from St. Petersburg, before it dis-

charged its cargo at the Docks, was lightened of a considerable load of passengers' luggage, bearing the several names of "Gilbert Penrhyn, Esq.," and "Penrhyn Clifford, Esq." The passengers themselves had previously landed at Deal, to avoid the tedium of a voyage up the Thames against a head wind—there were no steam-tugs in those days—and they were comfortably resting themselves at a large hotel in London after the fatigue and discomfort of the voyage; while their luggage—under the vigilant care of the old servant Barton—was passing through the Custom-house.

Barton himself looked younger than he had looked some two or three years before; for he it known to you, reader, that either being incited by the example of his master's nephew, or being pleased with the manners of Mava, he had—after due consultation with the old merchant, of course—sought and obtained her hand in marriage, according to the simple rites of the Moravian Brethren; and this also was in close imitation and accordance with the example of "Master Penrhyn."

The passengers, then, were, first, Gilbert Penrhyn, whose emotions on first landing in his native country were very great, but who had overcome them, and now seemed as happy, if not as young, as his nephew. Next there was Penrhyn Clifford, very much more manly in appearance, but otherwise not much altered by his four or five years' absence from England, except that a shade more of seriousness was observable in his countenance. He was a husband and a father.

Then there was Feodora—not Feodora Graham, but Feodora Clifford now—with a young boy on her knee, who is playing with his grandfather's—we beg pardon, his great uncle's—watch-chain, which the old gentleman is rattling before his face. Feodora is very happy in her husband, if her looks do not play her false; and she is attended by Mava still, though, now that Mr. Barton has seen his old master safe in England, there is some talk of his retiring from service; and if he carries his intentions into effect, which is doubtful, however, of course Mava—Mava Barton—will retire with him, as a loving wife following the fortunes of her liege lord.

Gilbert Penrhyn talks of buying the old home of his childhood, and enlarging its dimensions, so as to accommodate the larger family establishment gathering around him; but this is at present uncertain.

We don't know why Gilbert Penrhyn and his nephew remained so long at Sarepta after the marriage of the latter, except that they—with Feodora, of course—were agreed in their attachment to the society there, and had some difficulty in persuading themselves to sever the friendships they there formed. At all events they remained there, and were but little surprised at hearing from time to time of the successes of the Russian army in the Crimea, until the mask was thrown off by the Empress, the unhappy khan Schagin Gheray virtually deposed, or induced to retire from his nominal sovereignty, and the entire peninsula permanently attached to the growing Russian empire. They heard with concern and indignation of the wholesale massacre of thousands of

the natives of that unhappy land, though they had cause to rejoice that the peaceful Moravian family in the valley of Baidar remained unmolested amidst all these painful scenes and changes.

They heard also of the safety and well-being of Melchior Ben Abraham, the Karaite Jew, and of the community of Tchifout Kalchsi, whereto they rejoiced; but of Paul, the preserver of Penrhyn Clifford's life, they could never thereafter learn tidings. Probably he had survived the knout to perish by the sword.

Once, before they left Russia, and on a necessary journey of business to St. Petersburg, Gilbert Penrhyn and his nephew turned aside to visit Semeonovskoye. It was a desolation. The house, partly consumed by fire, and still blackened with the smoke of the burning, remained a gloomy memento of the terrible scenes which had there been witnessed. The estate had run to ruin by neglect. Vengeance had been taken on the serfs of General Roskin, almost indiscriminately confounding the innocent with the guilty. Many had been knouted to death; and hundreds more, with their wives and children, sent to Siberia, into perpetual banishment.

The little orphan Katrina, concerning whom Mr. Penrhyn made some inquiries, was at St. Petersburg, still under the protection of the Czarina; and many years afterwards Feodora heard of her marriage to a German prince, according to the policy of the Russian Court—that of marrying Russian ladies into the royal families of other courts, as a means of strengthening its influence and interests.

The uncle and his nephew did not call on the priest Petrovitch, whose treachery to Alexey Ivanoff, though not so clearly revealed as it might have been in our history, was known to them to have hastened on, if it did not cause, the catastrophe recorded in Feodora's narrative.

After the return of our friends to England, and when they were comfortably settled in the noble mansion which Gilbert Penrhyn's honourably-acquired property enabled him to build, they were naturally interested in news from Russia, and kept up a friendly correspondence with several countrymen there, among whom was Alexander Wilson, the once shipwright, but who rose rapidly to be the director-general of ———, and received the honorary title of Admiral. From him they heard of the journey of Catherine to her new dominions in 1787, and her meeting with the Emperor of Austria at Cherson, together with the pleasant but barefaced deceit put upon her by her favourite General and Commander-in-Chief, Prince Potemkin, by which she was cheated into the belief of the overabundant population and riches of her new acquisition, by the erection of false villages on the route of her journey, and other contrivances of a like sort, which are duly recorded in sober history. From Mr.—or Admiral—Wilson they also heard of the death of Potemkin on the road side, in 1791, a death accelerated by his gross and intemperate habits, and the violence and impetuosity of his passions. They heard also, five years later, of the sudden and melancholy death of the Empress, and of the accession of her mad son Paul to the throne of Russia.

Whether it was the gradual withdrawal from the busy stage of those whom they had known, or whether they found enough in their own narrow circle to monopolize their attention, it is certain that, after this event, the correspondence of Gilbert Penrhyn and his family with Russia slackened, and eventually ceased. Meanwhile Feodora almost lost sight of the fact that she herself was half a Russ, in the more interesting knowledge that some half dozen of sturdy English boys and girls were growing up around her and calling her "mother."

As to Mr. Barton and his Mava—but if we go on at this rate we shall never have done, so we must needs leave off here.

But in dismissing the personages and events of our story—some imaginary and some real—the writer may be permitted a parting word.

Of the propriety of using fiction as a vehicle for instruction, he has not the slightest doubt; but that it is a vehicle which needs to be *driven* (to follow up the figure) with caution and judgment, admits of no question.

When it was proposed to him to write a tale having Russia for its stage, and some of the personages who figured in the court and camp of Catherine II for its *dramatis personæ*, he consented, but it was, if not with fear, yet with some degree of hesitation. But, having consented, he addressed himself to the work before him with the determination to take nothing for granted, but to produce a faithful picture, however otherwise imperfect, of the times and country under review, and to suggest such lessons to others as the study of character and events might bring to his own mind.

So far as he has ventured to draw back the veil of time, and to exhibit the dead and gone as once more living and present, he may claim the negative praise of not having wilfully distorted history, and the positive merit of having dealt tenderly with historical personages. There were scenes and transactions in connexion with the titled individuals he has introduced which may well be buried in the oblivion of silence. "It is a shame even to speak of those things which were done of them in secret." Let the memory of those things rot.

If the writer has portrayed the evils and results of serfdom (another name for slavery), he has yet been held back by delicacy from telling all the truth which might have been told. That many tragedies, like that of Semeonovskoye, have polluted the air and soil of Russia, is very certain; and that tyranny greater than that he has ventured to depict is one of the commonest features of Russian domestic society, and the natural product of her "peculiar institution," admits of no dispute. Russian writers themselves have composed tales of horror, of which the catastrophe of Semeonovskoye is but a feeble reflection; and one of the most cheering signs of the times, in relation to Russia herself, is this, that her people are themselves wearied with this "peculiar institution," and that her nobles have themselves proposed an universal manumission of their serfs. When this is done, there will be hope for Russia.

When this story was commenced, the Crimea was the theatre of war, in which every reader was

more or less interested. Now the sword is sheathed, and, in answer to the prayers of his people, God has said to the demon of discord, "Hitherto shalt thou go, but no further; here shall thy proud waves be stayed." He has made the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath has he restrained. May good be found to have come out of evil!—good also to the people of Russia—who have many loveable qualities. While, however, the remembrance of the terrible conflict is fresh in the memory of our readers, they will not be displeased with a narrative which introduces them to the earlier acts in the great drama, upon whose later scenes the curtain has but just descended.

ROTHSAY.

In April, 1846, after a winter of serious illness, we began a journey in search of health from the eastern coast of Scotland to the Isle of Bute, in the west, which is considered the Caledonian Devonshire. The route was full of interest. Travelling by easy stages, we eschewed railways, and were duly thankful for the blessing of stationary trees and steady-looking banks and braes. Kinross, with its lovely loch and Castle of Leven, saddened by memories of Scotland's Mary Stuart—Dollar, and Castle Campbell, nestled amidst the Ochil hills, so beautiful in their rapid alternations of light and shadow—were the resting-places of the first two days. The dark green of the firs, the white gean blossoms, the vivid verdure and pink tassels of the larch, grounded as it were by the grayish purple of the unleaved birch, formed a combination of spring colouring almost as varied as the boasted tints of autumn. Next came Stirling, with its grand old fortress, and the never-to-be-forgotten windings of the Forth melting into the distance, as if already they had become a part of Memory's picture gallery. Our route, which took us past the famous rock and eyrie-like Castle of Dumbarton, and gave us a tantalizing peep of Loch Lomond and her islets, brought us at length to Helensburgh; and from the windows of the old-fashioned inn we gazed for the first time upon the lovely Frith of Clyde, with mountains rising beyond, and Roseneath smiling before. We embarked at Helensburgh, and, after a sail of five hours down the Clyde, we entered the bay and harbour of Rothsay, the capital of the Isle of Bute.

There is something very striking in entering for the first time as an invalid one of the places of habitation peculiarly dedicated to invalids. The thought of all that has been, all that must be, and all that may be in such a spot, is calculated to arrest the most careless heart. Here have dwelt and here are dwelling those stricken with pain and fear and sorrow—those who are obliged to wander from their own homes to find relief from suffering and refuge from blighting winds. Here, too, many, who sought but a temporary dwelling, have found a long home, and the sunny spot is shadowed with death-bed remembrances to sorrowing friends. All the associations and sympathies which are awakened by a residence in such a place are also, especially at first, tinged with melancholy. But brighter thoughts soon arise, and, as we mark the return

of the rose-bloom to the cheek of the pale girl, or the restoration to health of the father and husband, whom, though unknown, we yet know in our daily paths by the attraction of sympathy, and as our own symptoms of illness gradually disappear, we can only lift our hearts in gratitude to Him who giveth such little havens of summer air, where, as in the favoured island of Bute, the softness of the south and the grandeur of the north are united.

This island, which is situated in the Frith of Clyde, is about fifteen miles in length and three and a half miles in breadth. It is supposed to derive its name from the old British word *Ey Budh*, or the Gaelic *Ey Bhiod*—signifying the island of corn, or the island of food, from its superiority in culture and fertility to other Highland countries. The men of Bute, or Brandanes, as they were sometimes called, were considered in ancient days as a distinct people from the Highlanders and Lowlanders. They were famed for their prowess, and were especially noted at the battles of Falkirk and Bannockburn, where so many fell in the thick of the fight, that fair Bute was almost depopulated. Containing much beauty within its own limits, the island owes, notwithstanding, its principal interest to the grand and noble scenery which surrounds it on every side. Northward are the Argyshire mountains and Loch Straven, which runs its blue waves amidst their glens. So faithfully does this beautiful though capricious Highland loch prognosticate bad weather to Bute, when its waters change from smile to storm, that it is called "the Rothsay weather-glass." On the west we have the peaks of Arran, and on the east the coast of Ayrshire and the Cumbray islands. These points of interest, combined with the succession of sea-views and the self-contained beauty of the island, render Rothsay, its principal town, a place of peculiar charms. Our dwelling-place was on the west bay, the town being built on either side of the bay, which runs into the land, and brings the two principal quarters of the town within sight of each other; and the view from our windows was truly lovely. In the blue distance was Loch Straven; nearly opposite,

"Old Largs looked out amid the orient light,
With its grey dwellings,"

and old battle-field of victory. On the one side were the ruins of the Castle where Queen Mary once rested—its modern mansion and lighthouse, which shone in the glancing of the spring evenings

"A ruddy gem of changeful light."

On the other was the east bay, with its white villas and battery, while the sea was studded by innumerable vessels—steamers, laden with invalids and holiday-seekers, yachts and fishing-boats, men-of-war and merchant vessels, sweeping down the Clyde to their distant bournes. From our Ardbeg starting-point we made many excursions round the island, and saw many objects of interest. Amongst those nearest to us was the castle of Rothsay. This old ruin does not possess much intrinsic beauty, but, like all ruins, manages to look very well by dint of ivy, a few picturesque objects, and the usual traces of moat, dungeon, and portcullis. Few of our Scotch castles, however,

possess greater historical interest. The court of Robert II, it was also the death-place of Robert III, who died of a broken heart because of the murder of his eldest son in a Fife dungeon. It was also the residence of James V for a short time before his death; its fortifications were destroyed by the troops of Cromwell; and about 1685 it was burnt and reduced to its present ruinous state by a brother of the Duke of Argyll.

"Proud palace-home of kings! what art thou now?
Worn are the traceries of thy lofty brow!
Yet once in beauteous strength like thee were none,
When Rothsay's duke was heir to Scotland's throne;
Ere Falkland rose, or Holyrood, in thee
The barons to their sovereign bowed the knee:
Now, as to mock thy pride,
The very waters of thy moat are dried;
Through fractured arch and doorway freely pass
The sunbeams, into halls o'ergrown with grass;
Thy floors unroofed are open to the sky,
And the snows lodge there when the storm sweeps by."*

Not very far from the castle is the Established Church, an unadorned structure, which, however, we approach by a beautiful avenue of ash trees, two of which have for centuries been known by the names of Adam and Eve. Within the churchyard is the ruined chapel of St. Mary of Rothsay, the date of which is supposed to be 1296. It was afterwards consecrated as one of the cathedral churches of the isles.

In a mausoleum belonging to the Bute family sleeps the dust of one, whose voice and form were once pre-eminent in court and senate, whose heart once burned with "the fitful fever" of ambition—John Earl of Bute, Prime Minister to George III. A chink in the vault door gave entrance to a ray of light, and we remember seeing within several coffins, from one of which a ghastly skull protruded, perhaps the tenement of the brain which had planned intrigues and guided cabinets. The churchyard of Rothsay contains many lowly graves of interest, although their occupants may be unknown to name and fame. There lie many sons of widows, and husbands of youth, and lilies early gathered, who even in the mild air of Bute could find no breathing-place for their wearied lungs. The simple and touching inscriptions give a good hope that many have gone hence to the "desired haven."

"There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet,
There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noon-tide beat."

At the time of our visit, one furrow of that "acre of God" had not been turned up; its gowans were blooming undisturbed; its occupant was strong in the outer life, and stronger still in that which is within. Upon first entering the Bay of Rothsay, and indeed long before, the eye is attracted by two beautiful spires, belonging to the two principal Free Churches. At the time of which we speak, the spire of the West Free Church was yet unfinished, and its congregation and their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Macbride, were worshipping for the time in a large hall, which had served the purposes of a granary. Never shall we forget the solemnities of that "upper room." Crowded with earnest faces, a pin's fall might have been heard.

* Lines written in the island of Bute, by Delta.

Tears poured down rugged cheeks and glistened in careless eyes as the preacher declared to them the gospel, not curtailed or modified for ears learned or polite, but the old precious burning gospel, as we could imagine it poured forth by Paul and proclaimed by Peter. His massive form and animated, though at first somewhat heavy, countenance, reminded us strongly of Chalmers, though his eloquence claimed not to be more than the language of a soul which, saved itself, yearned to have others saved also. Nor was it only to his own island flock that he told the "story of peace." To thousands of the Highlanders and Islanders of the west he went as an evangelist of Jesus Christ, speaking to their hearts in the ancient and expressive language of the Celts.

The following lines were written upon his death:—

"I know that Zion loatheth
From her firmament a star,
I know that death from her forest chaseth
An oak that spread afar.
But I see bright chariots speeding
Through the parted air,
And white-winged watchers leading
His soul to glory there!
"Then hush ye, oh ye weepers!
All ye who loved him here,
Ye mournful vigil keepers,
Shed not another tear!
Would ye pluck him from his glory?
Would ye bring him back to earth?
Again to tell life's troubled story
By his solitary hearth?"

On the borders of the lake is beautifully situated a little villa, known by the name of Kean's Cottage, where Edmund Kean, the tragic actor, attempted to satisfy his palled tastes by the

"Silent shade and calm retreat."

After attempting to introduce a theatrical taste amongst his quiet Bute neighbours, he fled in disgust from the lonely lake and the blue mountains to the meretricious delights of stage and London life. A career, similarly begun but differently ended, was finished but a few years since in another part of this "beauty-breathing" island. There was one whose step had also trodden successfully upon the illuminated stage, whose mellow voice had also spoken well of imaginary woes. Possessed of rare personal beauty and mental cultivation, at once the poet, painter, musician, tragedian, and comedian, beloved by all and becoming known to fame and fortune, the prospects of Montague Stanley were bright to worldly eyes. It is one of our childish remembrances to have seen him at this period of his history investing one of the creations of Abbotsford with new grace and dignity. When next we saw him, there was a great and a joyful change; with much of the remembered beauty, there was, in addition, the beauty of that peace which passeth understanding. The theatre was to him a place which he dared not enter—"no, not though it were piled with untold gold at my disposal." Having turned from the "riches of Egypt," his delicate frame was overtaken by his exertions to maintain his family by teaching the art, in which he wielded a master's pencil and palette. In 1844 he died of a deep decline in the island of Bute. The Free Church of Ascog is built upon a little promontory of rock, upon three sides of which the sea-waters dash or

ripple. There is green turf, however, above the sea-mark, and there, close to the house of God, is but one grave. A white low stone rises from its greenness, thus simply lettered, "Montague Stanley," safe and quiet though the waters roar and be troubled. His voice, though dead, yet speaketh to us in the beauty of the few glowing paintings which still remain,* and in the letters and memorials contained in his interesting Memoirs.†

Ascog is a lovely little village of villas, embosomed amongst wooded cliffs, and possessing its own little blue bay.

—"Ascog's rocks, o'erflung with woodland bowers,
With scarlet fuschias, and faint myrtle flowers."

It is about four miles from Rothsay, and much resorted to by invalids for the salubrity of its air, which if not quite so mild, is perhaps more bracing than that of Rothsay. The road between is in many places on the very verge of sea precipices; while on the other side is high rocky ground, interspersed by a few cottages and villas, looking more like eyries than doves' nests. The Rothsay and Ascog road takes us on to Mount Stewart, passing the picturesque fishing village of Kerrycroy. This mansion belongs to the Marquis of Bute, and though in itself it possesses neither dignity nor beauty, yet the exquisite gardens, wooded demesne, and sea glimpses between the vistas of trees and green lawn, are well worthy of notice. There are also a few good pictures, though principally portraits. One of Rubens, by himself, and one of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who was the mother-in-law of the great Earl of Bute, by Kneller, are the gems of the collection. Above one of the doors, opening upon the lawn, are written the following lines:—

"Henceforth this isle to the afflicted be
A place of refuge, as it was to me;
The promises of blooming spring live here,
And all the blessings of the ripening year."

A pretty little legend tells us that these lines were traced there by "Bonnie Prince Charlie," when concealed in the island. Disagreeable fact, however, interposes with the information that this is all a fiction, and that they owe their honourable position to a much more recent illness and recovery of one of the lords of Bute.

In this part of the island there are many curious remains of antiquity, which space will not allow us to notice.

The scenery towards the north of the island is exceedingly wild and picturesque. From Rothsay northwards we pass the lands and villas of Ardbeg, Port Bannatyne—a fishing and sea-bathing village on Kaimas Bay—and Kaimas Castle, the quaint tower-like residence of James Hamilton, Esq., surrounded by fine woods and the hills of Kaimas and Barone, and another less ancient tower of Kaimas. Then, crossing the island, which is at this place very narrow, we arrive at the lovely Bay of Ettrick, where the waters and the sand shine like azure and silver. Farther yet to the north, there are magnificent views of the

* Most of the valuable pictures and sketches by Montague Stanley were destroyed after his death, in consequence of the carriage taking fire in which they were conveyed from Glasgow to Edinburgh.

† Memoirs of Montague Stanley, by the Reverend D. K. Drummond.

Kyles* of Bute—two arms of the sea, which sweep like noble rivers round the north part of the island, dividing it from the mainland. The favourite method of exploring this scenery is by water. Unfortunately we have a constitutional and hydrophobic dislike to that way of "going a pleasuring." Never but once during our residence in the west did we attempt it, and then it was but to float leisurely across the Bay of Rothsay in a pleasure-boat, when

"There was not a breath the blue waves to curl,"

and a white mist of heat subdued the brightness and added to the beauty of the scene. From no point does the town and harbour look so lovely—the dark rugged peaks and cliffs of Goatfell and the other Arran mountains rising above the low green hills of Bute and the town nestling beneath. The houses of the town are generally built of green stone, and are neat and comfortable, few of them dating further back than 1791. There are sixteen streets, besides various lanes or *wynds*. There is a good harbour, and a substantial pier of whinstone. There are several well-conducted libraries, a news-room, four banks, and excellent public and private schools. Rothsay also enjoys good inns, tolerable shops, and abundant supplies of provisions.

As there was, at the time of our visit, no frequented spa at Rothsay, nor baths or bathing-houses, although a sea-bathing quarter, there was then a want of a centre, as it were, for the manifestation of invalid life—a want, in short, of any regular and recognised method of getting well as fast as possible. Since our visit, however, matters may have changed in this respect. There were also then no tolls upon the island—a piece of economy which invalids would gladly have dispensed with, could better roads have been ensured. Except on the Rothsay high road, carriage exercise, if it were not "for the honour of the thing," differed in our day little from pedestrianism; and after a few hours of jolting over deep ruts and large stones, and walking up every difficult ascent and impossible turning place, one felt afterwards quite an adept in the "peripatetic philosophy" of Leamington.

The climate of Bute is a singular exception to the proverbial rigours of a northern temperature. The air is soft and grateful to the labouring breath of chest-and-throat invalids, which can be drawn with comparative ease and comfort. Sir James Clark, physician to her Majesty, has observed, in his work upon climate: "The climate of this island (Bute) may be characterized as mild, equable, and rather humid. It resembles in character that of the south-west of England and France, and of the Channel Islands, though it is considerably less warm than any of these. As a winter residence for invalids, Bute holds out considerable advantages to that class, for whom a soft, equable, but rather humid atmosphere is indicated." The prevalent points of the wind are from the west and south-west; and though the north wind is cold, it is never bitter, while the dreaded miasms of the east wind are subdued or lost before it reaches this western refuge. Frost is a rare visitor, and snow melts as rapidly as

"—the snow-flakes on a river."

* This word signifies "strait," from the Gaelic word *caolis*.

For invalids who manifest a tendency to consumptive ailments, Bute is a favourite and most successful climate. It is marvellous with what rapidity the bad symptoms of cough, fever, pain, and breathlessness disappear, although the patient does not always regain strength till his return to a more bracing air.

It is not only to the invalid that the Isle of Bute offers attractions many and various. The artist may treasure in his portfolio, and trace with the colours of his palette,

"The panoramic scenes

Of continent and isle, and lake and sea,
And tower and town, hill, vale, and spreading tree,
And rock and river, tinged with amethyst,
Half seen, half hidden by the lazy mist."

The antiquarian will find pleasant occupation in tracing the footsteps of the Druid in circle and grove, and in exploring chapels and crosses, forts and tumuli. The geologist and his hammer will make friends (and break them!) of schist, trap, greywacke, red sandstone, and plum-pudding. The tin case of the botanist will rejoice within its hinges at the bright and varied treasures confided to it for home examination and classification. The florist will luxuriate in the rare shrubs and flowers which, exotics elsewhere, seem to have received the freedom of the city, or rather of the country, and blossom abundantly in the natural greenhouse of Bute. Myrtles, geraniums, cape heaths, magnolias, grandifloras, and still more delicate plants, remain all winter in the open air, and fuschias have become indigenous. We shall conclude this hasty and imperfect sketch with the beautiful lines, written by Delta (Dr. Moir, of Musselburgh), of whose life and poetic remains a notice appeared in this journal a few months ago:—

"Farewell! Elysian island of the west,
Still be thy gardens brightened by the rose
Of a perennial Spring, and winter's snows
Ne'er chill the warmth of thy maternal breast!
May calms for ever sleep around thy coast,
And desolating storms roll far away,
While art with nature vies to form thy bay,
Fairer than that which Naples makes her boast!
Green link between the high-lands and the low—
Thou gem, half claimed by earth, and half by sea—
May blessings, like a flood, thy homes o'erflow,
And health—though elsewhere lost—be found in thee!
May thy bland zephyrs to the pallid cheek
Of sickness ever roseate hues restore,
And they who shun the rabble and the roar
Of the wild world, on thy delightful shore
Obtain that soft seclusion which they seek!"

THE POET OF "MEMORY."

AMONG the pleasant relics of the old London suburbs, there are few pleasanter than Newington Green. Enveloped although it is by the ever-extending wilderness of bricks and mortar, this venerable square of grass still retains its ancient character for quiet rusticity, and does brave battle yet with the "onward flowing tide" of metropolitan smoke. From the relics left us, we can easily form a conception of the allurements which it once held out to the country-loving Londoner. Quiet, sober, sheltered from winds and storms by screens of well-planted trees, full

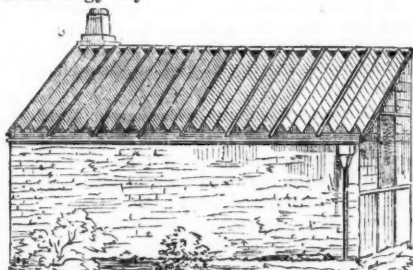
* Wilson's Guide Book to Rothsay will be found a most interesting work for visitors.

of fertile orchards and sweet-smelling gardens, furnished withal with plenty of snug, square, roomy brick-built residences, and distant from the city only a comfortable walk over level fields; such were some of its pristine attractions. Neither were they disregarded. A century back, rich retired citizens, who now fly to the more distant regions of Richmond, Hampton Court, Finchley, and similar localities, were contented with the enjoyment of the rural delights of Newington Green, which was then a fashionable and desirable place of residence.

Ninety-three years ago, when all between the Green and the old London wall was fields, and lanes, and country roads, and when George III was a young man of twenty-five, having only been king for three years, one of the snug houses already described witnessed the birth of a person, in the contemplation of whose life and occupations the literary world has lately been peculiarly interested. And a singular life it was destined in many respects to be. Not shining to any great degree from his own light, but rather eminent from his associations with all the brilliant geniuses of his day; not noted for remarkable adventure, but rather passing through existence in the luxurious ease of fortune and elegance, Samuel Rogers—the baby of 1763—left behind him a name probably more widely known than that of any man of similar talents, and has excited in the public mind a curiosity concerning his doings and sayings, to which his ability scarcely can be said to have entitled him. As has been well observed in a late review, his reputation is rather that of a Mæcenas than of a Virgil, rather that of a planet than of a sun.

The house in which Samuel Rogers was born, and of which we present a sketch in the opposite engraving, is, like his poetry, one of the samples of a past style, soon to be superseded by the more showy if less solid attempts of the present era. If Newington Green, in which it is situated, be fast becoming a mere oasis in the great Babylonian desert, the individual house wherein Rogers first saw the light is more than all prominently exposed to, and circumvented by, innovation; for it lies at the city end of the Green, and the new bricks and mortar fairly envelop it. A sweet place, nevertheless, it is. When the writer of these lines visited it in the autumn of the past year, the fruit-trees were loaded with fruit, the flower-beds glittered with flowers, and the kind owner of the poet's birth-place cut from a luxuriant vine as blooming and rich a bunch of grapes as Covent-garden might wish to display. Before the house a beautiful lawn extends, adorned with statuary and dotted with parterres, and the grounds include even a meadow of rich pasturage, all enclosed and shut in by a screen of elms from the outer world; and we enjoyed our ramble along the trimly kept walks, and nicely shaven lawn, beneath the shady trees, inhaling the fragrance of the flowers, as much as though London and its smoke were miles away. There is an air of quiet comfort about these suburban homesteads of the last century, which we look for in vain among the showy erections of the present day. Beyond the tall screen of trees London resumes its smoky sway, and row after

row of new streets and modern improvements have "usurped the land, and dispossessed the rural swain," throughout the whole distance between this once sequestered spot and the precincts of the dingy city.



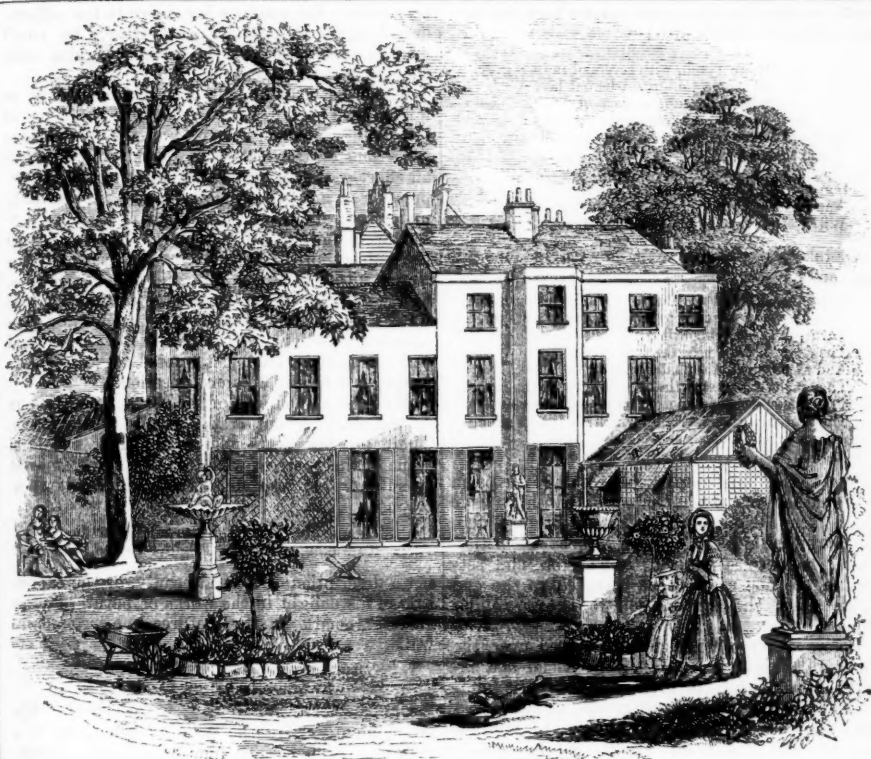
Attached to the poet's mansion is a small greenhouse, the roof of which, according to an old number of the "Observer," can claim the honour of having suggested to Paxton the valuable idea embodied by him in the construction of the celebrated Chatsworth Conservatory roof, and subsequently that of the Crystal Palace.

The banker-poet, in his elegant and art-embellished mansion in St. James's Place, still cherished the remembrance of the home of his youth, where he wrote "The Pleasures of Memory," and whence he first emerged into fame; and, not long before his death he paid a farewell visit to the spot we have described. We can well imagine what is said to have been actually the case, that the occasion was an affecting as well as a pleasant one. To one who had described with so much feeling and taste the "Pleasures of Memory," such a visit could hardly have proved otherwise. A poet rather of reflection than passion, Rogers rises almost into pathos on this subject. In one of his notes, he has even taken the trouble to collect sundry anecdotes, reminding us of the affection of such men as Diocletian, Charles V, and Cardinal Richelieu, for the scenes of their early life; and we can scarcely believe that that mind could revisit, without strong feelings, the home of his youth, who wrote those beautiful lines, beginning:—

"Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far richer flowers."

The incidents of Rogers' life have been so widely published, and are, indeed, so few, as scarcely to need recalling on the present occasion. The house wherein Rogers was born, in 1763, had formerly been the residence of Sir George Colebrook, and passed from his possession into that of the father of Rogers.

The family were originally from Worcestershire, and of the Nonconformist persuasion, in which communion Rogers received his education. It is even said that he derived his first poetic notions from Dr. Watts's Hymns. He might have derived them from a worse source; for whatever has been said by critics, Watts was unquestionably a poet of no mean order, and his hymns will live as long as the English language.



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF ROGERS, THE POET.

It was not till his thirtieth year that anything was produced by Rogers of a distinguishing character. One poetical attempt, "An Ode to Superstition," published in 1786, and (according to the foot-note in the collected edition) "written in early youth," fell almost still-born from the press. Succeeding ages will not cancel the judgment of contemporary criticism on this point. The major portion of the poem is a most decided imitation of Gray, without either his energy or his genius.

The second attempt was a more successful one. To the "Pleasures of Memory," published in 1792, the poetical reputation of its author is generally ascribed, although, in the opinion of many, other works of his are more worthy to sustain it; but the time of its appearance, coming as it did at a moment when a dearth of poetry was beginning to be felt, combined, with several other accidents, to make the fortune of this particular production of his genius. At that date Gray, and his executor, Mason, had passed away, one by death, the other by old age. The gentle-spirited Goldsmith, the classical Johnson, the stately author of the "Pleasures of Imagination," and the bitterest of English satirists, were also numbered with the past, while the school of fervid passion and fiery sentiment brought in by Byron had not even then dawned upon the horizon. Byron, indeed, was a lad in petticoats; Coleridge,

Southey, and Wordsworth, were young men with only dreams of poetical eminence. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was only published in 1805. Perhaps the most prominent poetical celebrity of the time was Crabbe, who had, to a certain extent, succeeded with his poem of "The Village," pronounced by Dr. Johnson to be "original, vigorous, and elegant," and his two succeeding efforts, "The Library," and "The Newspaper." But the circle of Crabbe's admirers was altogether a small and select one, and his genius by no means so overpowering as to exclude competition.

It must not, however, be inferred, that the poem was destitute of other claims to success than that of filling a vacuum. On the contrary, few productions of modern poets have equalled "The Pleasures of Memory," in the combination of pure and refined sentiments with elegant and sweet verses. There is no stormy emotion and no metaphysical subtlety; but the harmony of the thoughts glides onwards through a succession of polished lines, which satisfy both the taste and the judgment. Not equal generally to "The Deserted Village" in tenderness and pensive beauty, it recalls that celebrated piece, both in the style of thought and in the character of the versification, while some portions of it might fairly bear comparison with the productions of the elder poet.

The following description of the school of his

youth, revisited in after years, carries back the memory clearly to Goldsmith :—

"The school's low porch, with reverend mosses grey,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn :
Unheard the shout that rent the noon-tide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here ;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams !"

Or take the picture of the boy leaving his village home :—

"The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy ;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village common spotted white with sheep,
The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep,—
All rouse reflection's sadly pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again."

Perhaps the most remarkable result of the poem to its author was the introduction which it gave him to Fox, the then great patron of literary men, and through him to various other celebrities. Under his auspices he left Newington, and settled in the house which he occupied to the end of his days, showing himself to be no rolling stone.

Before a very long time had passed over, the poetical banker found himself the friend and admirer of nearly all the literary and artistic luminaries of his day. Distressed genius, in every possible form and variety, flew at once to him for succour ; and it is to his credit that he seldom sent the applicant away with an empty hand. His chimney-pieces were carved by Flaxman, his furniture by Chantrey, when young and poor ; the last money that Sheridan had given to him came from his hands ; and both Moore and Campbell owed to him their extrication from pecuniary difficulties. One peculiarity of his domestic life is known to every one—the breakfasts, at which almost every person of literary celebrity who ever resided in, or visited England, has been at some time or other a guest.

Rogers had a special tendency towards conversational breakfasts. Somewhere, in his notes, he enters upon a justification of the predilection, and supports it by a quotation from Rousseau : "It is that time in the day," says the French author, "when we are most tranquil, when we talk most at our ease." Perhaps it may be so for men of leisure, or light and easy occupation, such as were the opulent devotee of the Muses and his elegant circle ; but men of business know that work is never got through with such energy or to such an amount, as in the early morning, when the powers of life are fresh, and the keenness of perception is untouched and unimpaired.

In 1798, the "Epistle to a Friend" was published. The design of this poem, which ranks among the author's most successful efforts, is "to illustrate the wisdom of True Taste, and to show" (we quote from the preface) "how little she requires, to secure not only the comforts, but even the elegancies of life. True Taste is an excellent

economist. She confines her choice to few objects, and delights to produce great effects by small means ; while false taste is for ever sighing after the new and the rare."

The poem which results from this design is, as might have been expected from the character of the writer, polished, elegant, and full of judicious reflections on the matter in hand. But it is less an effort of practical genius than the graceful expression of a man's opinions upon a subject fully understood and comprehended by him. Few persons were more qualified to speak *ex cathedra* on the subject of Taste, than the man whose rooms were a model for a painter ; and the decorations, to say nothing of the furniture, of whose house were the masterpieces of both ancient and contemporary artists. Whether the economy laid claim to in the words just quoted, were quite attained, is a totally different question.

We gain a good idea of the character of Rogers in the working out of the details of the poem. There are few poets who would deck the ideal scene of their retreat with "chosen gems, imprinted on sulphur," or append to the enthusiastic apostrophe—

"Soon as the morning-dream my pillow flies,
To waking sense what brighter visions rise—"

not a description of a rural beauty, or the expression of his delight in the works of nature, but an artistic remark on the pictures hung round his walls.

"O, mark again the couriers of the sun,
At Guido's call, their round of glory run."

Our author was, in fact, a town-bird. His pre-eminently were the delights belonging to a luxurious residence in some aristocratic quarter, surrounded with pictures, paintings, statuary, gems, and the polished society of town-bred men of wit.

There is, however, enough of the real and true-born spirit of poetry to stamp this poem, as has been already said, as one of the best, if not the best, of its author's efforts. Once or twice he frees himself from the ties of his more cultivated taste, and gives vent to his feelings in truly exquisite lines. The following description of the landscape surrounding a country villa is a striking example :—

"Still must my partial pencil love to dwell
On the home-prospects of my hermit cell ;
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard green,
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen ;
And the brown pathway, that with careless flow
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.
Still must it trace—the flattering tints forgive—
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass,
Browsing the hedge by fits, the paniered ass ;
The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight,
And in her kerchief blue the cottage maid,
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade."

Fourteen years elapsed before anything more from his pen was given to the world. During that space of time, greater luminaries than he had arisen on the poetical horizon. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if "Columbus" (for such was the title of his new work) was treated by the public with neglect, and by the reviewers with

disdain. Perhaps the latter were too harsh with the author, who appears to have been so severely wounded by their remarks, as to have become a theme of friendly commiseration among his brother poets; and "Columbus," after all, was not so poor, but was actually praised by Byron, and complimented in one of those felicitous impromptus in which the noble and unhappy poet delighted.

The friendship of Lord Byron, however, was possibly more of a superficial than a real character. Behind each other's backs, the two poets said awkward and unpleasant things of one another. Byron even wrote some wonderfully sarcastic but atrociously unkind lines upon Rogers; and Rogers did not spare his sarcasm on Byron. The offices of common friends, of course, revealed to the parties at last the state of the case. In 1821, three years before Byron's death, they met at Boulogne, visited Florence together, and then parted to meet no more.

The tale of "Jacqueline," and a didactic poem, called "Human Life," which embodies rather a description of the circle at St. James's Place, than a solution of the great problem suggested by the title, together with a descriptive poem, "Italy," which might have made a reputation for a new man, but was not enough to elevate that of its author, were the remaining productions of Rogers.

With the exception of writing a few complimentary lines, the declining years of the poet were free from literary labour, save the polishing and re-publishing his already completed works, and superintending that exquisite edition of them which the pencils of Stothard and Turner have enriched so profusely. Our wonder, however, at its beauty ceases, in a measure, when we learn that no less than ten thousand pounds were expended on its embellishment and publication!

We have not touched upon Rogers as the man of society; not only does space forbid us, but a book now in many hands gives a more life-like account than we can furnish, to those who may care to catch the echoes of the conversations at his breakfast table. We do not, however, advise the trial. By the influence of his works upon a coming generation must the reputation of the poet rise or fall. The circle to which his spoken words can reach is small and contracted; the great circle through which his written words, "the viewless arrows of his thoughts," can carry his opinions, and give a motive power for good or for evil, is as wide as the world. Would that all writers could feel such a responsibility.

While we write, the hammer of the auctioneer has fallen, dispersing the treasures of art which the man of taste had gathered in the course of his long-protracted life. The intellectual circle which met around the hospitable board of this Mæneas of literature, has been broken up for ever, and he himself, who so long seemed impervious to the shafts of death, has succumbed to the grim foe, and passed on to the great audit.

It has often been remarked that the longest life is but a handbreadth compared with eternity; and that thought is forcibly impressed upon us, as we stand by the grave of a poet who wanted but a few years to have been registered as a centenarian.

THE WEAVER OF NAUMBURG;*

OR, THE TRIUMPHS OF MEERKNES.

ON St. Thomas's day of the year 1430, the beating of a drum resounded through the streets of Naumburg. Stein, the town drummer, marched at the head of a numerous tribe of boys and girls, flourishing the drumsticks with a practised hand. The boys whistled an accompaniment, some through their fingers, some on pipes of willow bark. Stein looked like the legendary ratecatcher, who enticed children away with his magic pipe, or like a queen-bee closely followed by her attendant swarm. He took pleasure in being the leader of this motley band, and smilingly admonished the pipers to mind and keep step with him and his drum—no easy task to their little legs.

"To arms! The Hussites are coming!" he exclaimed, jokingly, to eight rosy children, whose eager faces were pressed close to the window-panes of a small room on the ground-floor of a house he was passing. A board put up over the door of the house, announced that here dwelt the linen-weaver, Andreas Wolf, poor in earthly goods, but rich in children, and, we may add, in a happy contented disposition. When Wolf heard Stein's jesting speech, he hastily laid down his shuttle, slipped off his weaver's bench, and rose up behind his children, like a tall poplar among the brushwood.

"Stein! Stein!" he said smiling, but in a reproving tone, "do not cry wolf, wolf; the enemy will come of himself soon enough."

"Pooh! pooh!" replied Stein; and Stein marched on, followed by his train of unpaid drummers and pipers in full chorus.

Wolf's children looked longingly after them, whilst their father turned to his wife Ursula and said, "My dear, fetch me my sword and spear; Stein is calling the burghers together to drill."

"It is all lost time and trouble," answered Ursula, "the weaver's shuttle suits your hand better than the sword and the spear. Why, you cannot even prevail upon yourself to kill a fowl or a pigeon; and how could you split a man's head with your sword, or run him through with your spear?"

"You are right, my dear Ursula," said Wolf, with an affectionate smile; "if all men thought and felt as I do, there would be neither swords nor spears, nor wars nor battles."

"I am quite aware of that," replied Ursula, "and I grieve over the time that you are obliged to spend in drilling, instead of working at your loom."

"Well, if I cannot fight," answered Wolf, "at any rate I shall fill up a gap in the ranks, and be of as much use as a scarecrow, which, like me, does nothing, and yet serves to keep the greedy birds from the corn."

"Father," said Erwin, Wolf's eldest son, a boy of about twelve years of age, "let me have your weapons, and attend the drilling instead of you. Believe me, I am not afraid, even of the wild foemen. I would run every one of them through with my spear."

"Oh, you dauntless hero," laughed Beatrice, Erwin's younger sister, "you talk of spearing the

* Adapted from the German.

foemen, and only yesterday you could not twist a pigeon's neck!"

"Oh no, not a pigeon! That is very different," returned Erwin. "The gentle loving creatures that I am so fond of, and that will eat out of my hand. No, I could not hurt them; but, the Hussites, oh, I would cut them all to pieces if I could. Just think, if a wild Jager were to come in now, and attack father or mother, would you not all fight for them?"

"Yes, yes, that we would!" cried all the children with one voice.

"I would draw father's sword," said Siegbert.

"I would take the great scissors up," said Beatrice.

"And I would stick all the pins and needles off mother's pincushion in his legs," cried Ulricke.

"I would scratch him," exclaimed Martin.

"I would shake the rod at him," lisped little Bertha, who was just three years old.

"And I," boasted Conrad, who was nearly seven, "would throw father's stool at him."

These warlike demonstrations called forth a gentle "Hush, hush!" at which the children's martial ardour evaporated, and Wolf took up his weapons and left the house. The children ran to the window, and stood to watch until he was out of sight, when they again returned to their various occupations.

Erwin took his father's place at the loom, where he threw the shuttle like an experienced workman. Some of the younger children carded and spun flax; others reeled off the yarn already spun, carefully picking out the knots; and all did their best to be useful. But Erwin's heart was not in his work to-day. He fidgetted restlessly on his seat, and his thoughts were away with his father on the drilling ground.

"Oh," he sighed, "if I were but a man, and might carry sword and spear! Dear mother," he said aloud, after a while, "please let me go out for a little time, to see how father and the burghers get on with their exercising."

"No, my son," replied Mrs. Wolf; "remember we have ten mouths to provide for; it is bad enough that the best pair of hands is taken off, and occupied with what brings nothing in; we must work the harder meanwhile."

This admonition had the desired effect. Erwin turned to the loom with redoubled zeal, repressing his eagerness to see the show; as did also his no less sight-loving brothers and sisters.

When Master Wolf reached the drilling-ground he was received by the assembled burghers with friendly greetings, mingled with jibes and jokes.

"Here comes our warrior-in-chief," they said, laughing, as Wolf approached, his slack-jointed and slightly bending figure indicating anything but a martial temperament.

"Goliath Wolf will rout the enemy single-handed! Look how his lance glitters in the sun! His sword is surely sharper than any of ours! Hollo! Wolf, how many of the enemy will you take to your own share? Are fifty too many, or too few?"

After these jokes, to which Wolf only replied by a good-humoured smile, the jokers shook him cordially by the hand, and fell into familiar con-

versation with him. Schelle alone, the town-bath-master, continued to banter him.

In former times, whilst the art of healing was yet in its cradle, and most of the medicines which now fill the apothecaries' shops were undiscovered, prescriptions were few and simple, and generally confined to outward applications, amongst which frequent bathing took a high rank. Constant bathing and strict personal cleanliness had long been universally practised in the East, from whence it was introduced into Europe, and public baths were in consequence erected in all the larger towns; over which a so-called "bather," or "bath-master," was appointed to preside.

With the multiplication of medical remedies, the custom of bathing in common water declined more and more, whilst the occasional visiting of mineral baths became the fashion. The bath-houses were, therefore, gradually transformed into barbers' shops, and the name of bath-master, though still retained, lost its special signification.

The barbers at the same time undertook the difficult art of healing—two professions which agreed about as well together as tailoring and watchmaking, or as an ox and a horse yoked to the same plough. Barbers and hairdressers considered it their duty to entertain their customers whilst under their hands, and a ready tongue was therefore an indispensable accomplishment.

Master Schelle, who, after the fashion of the times, did not shave his neighbours' chins, but only trimmed and dressed their beards, was the greatest chatterer and braggart in Naumburg. Although Wolf was his cousin, he did not cease his jokes at the good-natured weaver's expense, until the drilling began and silence was enforced.

Quick and clever as Wolf was in his trade, he was peculiarly awkward at his military exercises, bringing upon himself many a reproof from his commanding officer, as well as the constant ridicule of his comrades. Once it happened that, mistaking the word of command, he wheeled to the right about instead of to the left. The three men next behind him, no better skilled in military evolutions than himself, followed his example, and marched away from the rest in exactly the opposite direction; which called forth shouts of laughter from the assembled crowd. Wolf, far from being vexed at their merriment, laughed heartily with them, trying his best, at the same time, not to give fresh occasion for ridicule and blame.

But he felt wearied with his unaccustomed exertions, and earnestly wished to exchange once more the spear for the weaver's shuttle. "The singing bird," he said to himself, "can never be changed into a bird of prey; the mouse cannot grow into a cat."

It was not long before Schelle renewed his attacks upon his peace-loving cousin. "You ought to be named Lamb, instead of Wolf. If one of the enemy only looked at you, it would knock you down; and if you had to keep him off with your lance, you would use the butt-end, lest the point should scratch him. Your boys have ten times more spirit than you have, and your daughters too. As for me, I should not fear a thousand of them, let them come when they would."

Wolf replied to this speech with a quiet, though somewhat amused smile, saying gently, "Blessed

are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

The pacific weaver was well pleased when the drilling was over, and he could return home. Although his arms ached sorely, he nevertheless dismissed Erwin from the loom, and went on with the work himself, giving permission to the eager boy to follow the citizens, who were not yet disbanded, as far as the market-place. On arriving there they were dismissed, and Stein loosened his drum, an operation which again attracted a crowd of idle boys around him, to admire and envy him the possession of such a delightfully loud and noisy thing. Like Schelle, Stein loved to talk; but he was better tempered, though a greater rhodomontader than the bath-master.

"If our drilling," he said to the children, "is on account of the Hussites, it is all labour in vain, as long as no one succeeds in getting possession of their magic drum."

"A magic drum! Have the Hussites a magic drum?" inquired the astonished children.

"Yes, a magic drum," replied Stein gravely. "Whilst I was serving in the army of the Saxon duke, surnamed the Warlike, we were attacked by the Hussites, near Aussig, and I heard the magic drum at a distance. The moment it sounded, I and all my comrades felt ourselves turned, as it were, to stone, whilst they were inspired by it with irresistible fury. We became incapable of defending ourselves, and were seized with such an extraordinary panic in our legs, that we could not stand upon them, but fled in confusion until we were quite out of hearing of the magic drum, and out of sight of our enemies. And so I got my discharge; for what can the most reckless courage do when enchantments are opposed to it?"

"The Hussites must be horrible men!" said a little girl, shuddering.

"Men!" answered Stein vehemently, "say rather lions, tigers, leopards."

"What do the Hussites look like?" asked one of his youthful listeners.

"They are like shaggy wolves and bears," replied Stein; "for they wear their beards so long that they reach half way down to their knees, and their hair is like a lion's mane. Their teeth resemble the tusks of a wild boar, and their huge head is like an overgrown pumpkin stuck between their broad shoulders; and they have long crooked nails on their hideous hands like eagles' talons."*

* The martyrdom of John Huss, in the fifteenth century, will ever remain one of the great blot upon the party by whom that cruel sentence was carried into effect. A precursor of Luther in his great work, Huss, as is well known, was for his evangelical sentiments exposed to a violent death, while his followers were subjected to equally unjust treatment. That some of these should, as intimated by the German author of this narrative, have taken up arms in their defence, and while bearing the arms of their master have departed largely from his spirit, would not surprise any one who remembers the fierce conflicts that sprang out of the Reformation in various countries; for persecution has often driven wise men mad. Allowance in such cases also must be made for times when there was little diffusion of the word of God, and few of those correctives to false views that are possessed in the present day. The account of the Hussites, given to the children by Stein in the text of our tale, is no doubt an accurate reflection of the caricatured and exaggerated reports with which their enemies viewed them; while the character of Wolf, as detailed in the subsequent narrative, probably represents with equal faithfulness many of those hidden reformers before the Reformation, who existed in the midst of much general darkness and error, and who, in spite of the corruptions by which they were surrounded, brought forth the fruits and graces of a living Christianity.

The children shuddered at this description, and the little girls especially looked at each other in silent horror.

"Do not be afraid," said Erwin, encouragingly, "our town has high strong walls, a wide moat, and brave citizens, who would soon drive back the Hussites, if they took the fancy to climb the ramparts."

"Ay," said Stein, laughing, "with your father to lead them. He would take up with a hundred Hussites to his own share. He is already half a one in his heart!"

"We shall see," returned Erwin, emphatically, "who in Naumburg has the stoutest heart. You will some day have to beg father's pardon for your jokes."

"With great pleasure!" sneered Stein, as he threw his drum over his shoulder and walked off.

[To be continued]

THE SKETCHER IN LONDON.

A MORNING WITH BOOKS.

It happens this morning—indeed it very often happens to us—that we are in want of information regarding a particular subject, which neither our experience, recollection, nor the resources of our own limited library, will supply. Now the next best thing to possessing any information you want, is to know how to get it and where to get it; and we are so far fortunate in this respect as to know that we shall find what we want among the contents of an antiquated volume which first enlightened the world in the days of Charles I. There is but one place, even in London, where we can be sure of laying hands on that volume, and that is the grand depot of knowledge of all kinds, where all the wisdom of all the wise which the world has rescued from oblivion, and all the science which the intellect of ancient or modern sages has discovered and realized, is collected and garnered and hoarded up for the use and behoof of all those who have the wit and the will to use it. We must go, in a word, to the library of the British Museum, and there select our volume from above seven hundred thousand works, in all tongues, bound up in over half a million of volumes, and ranged along some thirteen miles of shelves! We shall not be put to the trouble of a personal search in this "vast wilderness," which might cost us weeks of wasted time. A well-trained book-hunter will search out the game for us, and place it at our service in a few minutes.

The entrance to the Museum Reading-room is situated close to, if not actually upon, that spot once so famous or infamous for savage pugilism among the lower classes, and duelling among their betters. It was known to our forefathers as the "fields behind Montague House." Montague House was long ago eaten up, in mouthfuls at a time, by the Museum; the fields have been built upon; the practice of duelling has been hooted out of society; and men now go to read and write and study where their ancestors went to destroy one another. If you are not yourself a Museum reader, you may pass along Montague Place a hundred times without suspecting the proximity of the national library. There is neither sign nor

syllable exhibited to arrest your attention; only a porter, shut up in a glazed watch-box at the mouth of a narrow back lane, running between dead walls, who will ask you, if you turn down there and he does not know your face, whither you are going, and whether you have a ticket of admission; and if you have not, will civilly bar your progress. He knows our face, however, perfectly well, and we pass unchallenged.

A rather dingy-looking door—the first on the first turning to the right down the lane—opens readily to the touch, and leads into the basement lobby, where we deposit our umbrella. From hence a single flight of stairs leads to a door opening into the small passage which connects the two reading-rooms. Both rooms are large and lofty, some sixty by forty feet each in area, and thirty in height. The walls of both are lined with books on shelves from floor to ceiling, and surrounded with galleries erected at half their elevation. These books, which are those most in use and most valuable to the general reader, and which amount to tens of thousands in number, are common to all readers, who can help themselves as they choose, without the necessity or the delay of applying to an attendant. Those in the left-hand room consist, first, of the Museum Catalogue—a work of many ponderous folios; then of reports, statistics, and blue-books—no longer blue, but in stout leather bindings—and various works of reference on subjects political and otherwise. The books in the right-hand room are a rich quarry of the best known classics, in all the European languages, comprising dictionaries, encyclopedias, biographies, grammars, all the popular and standard series on science, and the best authorities on every subject of literary inquiry. Rows of tables, of equal sizes, are ranged on each side of both rooms, and furnished with chairs, reading-desks, and the materials for writing. For the sake of maintaining the silence so indispensable for the student, the floors are matted, and conversation is, if not forbidden, restrained, under the common understanding that that is no place for talk.

The first thing we do is to search the catalogue for the volume we want. Having found its title, we tear off one of the white tickets nailed to the shelf above, and transcribe upon it the title of the book, the press mark, the size of the volume, the place and date of its publication, each under the several headings printed on the ticket, and then add our signature. The ticket we take to a functionary, who sits at the end of the right-hand room, in a lobby communicating with the general library; and, taking a vacant seat at one of the tables, are at leisure to look around for a few minutes while it is sought for by some one who will not be long in finding it.

The look round is by no means uninteresting. The company present this morning in this one room (we cannot see into the other) may consist of some three-score and ten persons. Some acquaintance with the literary faces of the present day, as well as of a day that is almost past, enables us to identify a few of them. Yonder sits a veteran classical critic back to back with a popular lecturer. In front of the former is a raw lad of nineteen, who has got hold of something funny, and every now and then tries to stifle a guffaw that

would else burst forth. By his side a middle-aged man, who has forgotten to shave this morning, is turning over a huge volume of the "Times" for 1815, as we can see by its back. That is a writer who does leaders for a daily paper, and who, being probably about to discuss "the peace," is looking for diplomatic parallels or contrasts in the records of the last pacification, forty years ago. Opposite to us sits a bountifully-bearded German, whose pen scampers incessantly over the ribbed foolscap, on which he is translating, from the leaves of an old Latin chronicle, page after page, into his native tongue. An elderly man at our side, whom we have seen in the pulpit before to-day, has just been helped to a batch of twenty or more volumes, in blue morocco, by which we know that their subject is divinity or theology, the indices of which he examines one by one, until he has found his pasture, upon which he gives a wriggle or two on his chair, and quietly settles down to feed.

We have no time to spare for further observations. The attendant has brought the rare old book we desiderate, and we shall have enough to do for some hours to rifle it of the matter we want. There goes the clock overhead, striking twelve as we begin. We see nothing for the next three hours but the old yellow paper and wretched type of the old tome, and our own cream-laid slips, upon which we are transferring as much as we want; and we hear nothing but a quiet, soothing, indefinable hum, which tranquillises rather than disturbs, broken now and then by the crackle of paper and the flump of a dictionary on the leather-covered tables. At the end of this time the theological friend at our left gathers up his twenty volumes, returns them to the desk at the end of the room, and departs. His place is immediately occupied by a jewelled and braceleted young lady, extra fashionably dressed, who has come to feast upon the gorgeous large paper edition of "Heath's Book of Beauty." The books are brought to her by a gentleman in the height of fashion and dandyism, who has waited for them at the desk, and who now takes his seat at her side. The neighbourhood of this pair soon proves a source of unbearable annoyance to the translating German in front of us. They ignore the conventional law of the place, and chatter incessantly. The German, enraged, bites his lips and flings them a look, which they want the wit to catch; so he rises, grasps his folio and his manuscripts, and with an angry glare retreats to the other end of the room. For our part, we don't attempt any further progress, but can afford to pause a little. On looking round, we catch sight of our editorial friend taking huge circular bites out of a monster ham sandwich, which reminds us that we have a smaller edition of the same article in our pocket. We follow his example, and our example in turn is followed by a literary lady, *not* in the pink of fashion—literary ladies seldom are—who feeds and writes at the same time, dipping her pen into the ink, and her left-hand finger and thumb into a soft loaf at the same instant. When we have done with the sandwich, the tattlers at our side do us the favour to depart, and we are at liberty to complete our task, which in another hour is satisfactorily ended. We now restore the volume to the functionary at the desk, and reclaim from him the

ticket which was his receipt for it, and made us responsible while it was in our possession.

We have one or two facts to verify before we go; and for this purpose we have recourse to some of those splendid works of reference which few private libraries possess. It happens that a volume of a compendious German Thesaurus, which we wish to consult, is in use by a working man in his working garb, who, with his elbows on the table and his chin stuck fast in both palms, seems inclined to read the whole of it. He is naturally polite, however, and pleased to surrender it for our momentary service; and having now done with the library for to-day, we make for the door, not without pausing by the way to peruse that startling announcement on the door-post, which tells us that this shrine of learning and study is profaned by the presence of unprincipled individuals, who make a spoil of the generous bounty of the nation by mutilating and purloining from the volumes confided to their sense of gratitude, honour, and patriotism. It would seem that no place is free from the invasions of the plundering plagues of the community.

A reader, on first availing himself of the Museum Library, naturally wonders how it is possible that the volume he applies for, and which he knows to be one of above half a million scattered over a length of thirteen miles of shelves, can be brought to him within five minutes of his application. This perfection of service is the consequence of a system of classification and management which appears to leave no room for improvement, and at which we shall take a brief view, for the satisfaction of the reader's curiosity.

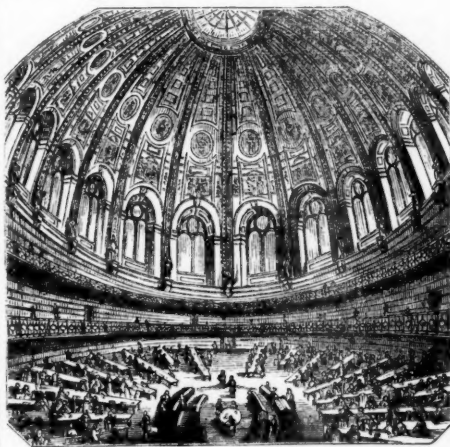
The books being catalogued, the next thing to be done is to arrange them on the shelves—a task in the performance of which a knowledge of not less than twelve languages is necessary. They are arranged in six classes—1, Religion; 2, Jurisprudence; 3, Philosophy; 4, Arts and Trades; 5, History; 6, Literature; with various subdivisions under each. The library is divided into presses, each distinguished by a letter of the alphabet, and the place of each book on a shelf is indicated by a number; thus, 1026, b. 15, means the fifteenth book on the b. shelf of press 1026. Provision is made, by means of a system of expansion, for keeping all the works of one class together for as long a period as possible. The collection of maps is arranged geographically, and all that fold are kept in light mill-board cases. When the position of a book is determined, a label, bearing the press-mark, is attached to the upper part of its back, and the mark and number of the shelf to its lower part. By this means the locality of a book is seen without opening it, and if it becomes wrongly placed, the error betrays itself.

Our space will not allow us to enter on the details of the process of cataloguing; let it suffice to say, that though they may appear to a hasty observer more than necessarily complicated, there is not in fact a single operation that does not serve a double purpose, and commend itself, upon examination, to every thorough-going and practical mind. When a work is once catalogued, it is at the command of the reader; and indeed, as to that matter, an applicant will not be refused a volume even though it has not been catalogued.

Let us now trace the progress of a volume from the shelf of the library to a reader, and back again to its place after the reader has done with it. When we handed our ticket to the attendant, sitting at the bar connecting the reading-room with the library, it was passed into the library and laid on a table, in the order of its delivery, to await its turn. When that turn came, it was taken by an attendant, who carried it to the press indicated by the press-mark, which we had copied from the catalogue, and which also showed the numerical position of the volume on the shelf. The attendant took down the volume, substituting in its place a piece of mill-board with a label bearing a number, which number he marked in pencil on the back of the ticket, and then he made a formal entry of the transaction in his book, including every particular. He then brought the volume to the bar, where it was received, together with the ticket, by another attendant, who transferred it to us, writing at the same time on the ticket the letter D, to signify that the volume was delivered. This attendant then made over the ticket to the one sitting at the bar, who deposited it in a pigeon-hole marked with the initial of our signature, and surrendered it to us four hours afterwards, when we returned the volume.

The returned books are placed on a table, and sorted according to their press-marks. Early every morning, those returned on the previous day are carried to the several parts of the library to which they belong. Two attendants then go round with the entries or dockets above mentioned, and restore the books in place of the labelled mill-boards—stamping each entry at the same time, in red ink, with the date of the replacement.

The above particulars, though necessarily imperfect, may serve to afford our friends some idea at least of the daily routine of life in the book department of the British Museum. The extent and value of the accumulated treasures there collected for general use, is another matter, which for barely looking into would require the leisure of a life-time.



THE NEW READING-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

URGENT QUESTIONS.

THERE is a numerous class of individuals—those who will themselves admit that they are wholly indifferent to the claims of religion, and whose state is so emphatically described in Scripture, as a life “without God in the world.” What preparations, alas! are these making for the solemn tribunal to which they are with such fatal swiftness hurrying on? If even the Christian feels that the unremitted diligence of a whole life is not more than sufficient to make his “calling and election sure”—assured to himself—by what new process are they to accomplish the same results, without labour, anxiety, or reflection? If the Christian too, who of all men has tasted that the Lord is gracious, would tremble, out of Christ, to approach him, as being then “a consuming fire,” how shall others, without an interest in the atonement, rely so confidently for acceptance on the mercy of God? Above all, if the Christian who sedulously cultivates every talent; who ponders his words; who scrutinizes his thoughts; who buys back his lost time, exchanging freely for that precious jewel the pleasures which the world counts so dear; who views his money, be it large or small, as a stewardship; who considers influence, education, abilities, address, health, connexion, everything indeed which constitutes usefulness, as so many goods to be diligently improved; if even he, we repeat, would shrink with horror at the thought of venturing his eternal interests on the merits of an innocent or well-spent life, how shall they rest so strongly on this plea, whose existence has been but one melancholy record of life spent without an aim, of countless opportunities neglected, and inestimable talents perverted? What account shall they give of their words, whose expressions have been full of idle frivolity, if not of profaneness and impurity? of their thoughts, when they would often blush to have them exposed to a fellow-creature? of their time, when not one hour, perhaps, has been spent in preparation for eternity? of their wealth, when, if not wasted on self-indulgence, or hoarded with selfishness, it has been withheld from the cause of its rightful Owner? What account, above all—to abridge this appalling catalogue—what account shall they give of God’s word, to whom it has been an unopened volume? of his sabbath, when it has been consumed in sinful pleasure? of his sacraments, when they have been neglected? of the Son of his love, when he has been despised? of his Holy Spirit, when it has been quenched? Oh, be persuaded to awaken from this frightful position! and let the language of an inspired apostle ring, before it be too late, its thrilling alarm upon the soul: “Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be counted worthy, who hath trodden under-foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?” Heb. x. 29.

If there be any one, amongst the unhappy number whom we have been describing, whose conscience urges upon him the reception of this warning, we would beseech him to yield to its dictates. Let him be entreated to put what we have written to the proof of God’s word, and to the test of prayer. Let him retire to his closet. Let him realise the presence of his long-sighted Saviour; let him cling to his feet, and there, with wrestling fervour, implore the gift of the Holy Spirit. The laws of matter will not more certainly operate, than will his petition be granted. Conscience will speak; oh! let its whisperings be heard. If it rise with gloom, recalling a long life spent in sin, opportunities neglected, demanding difficult acts of restitution to be made, still let not the soul despair. Let it throw itself unreservedly upon

the Saviour, as willing and able to save it to the uttermost. Let it depend entirely upon the Holy Spirit, for strength to overcome every difficulty. Let it determine to do the will of God, cost what sacrifices it may; but let it implore its Heavenly Father, at the same time, to moderate in the measure most agreeable to his will its trials to its ability, and to lead it on from strength to strength, till each obstacle, however formidable, is subdued. Happy, oh happy, beyond all language to utter, are they who thus seek! Soon, in answer to their earnest prayer, shall they find the day-star of hope arise in their hearts, the night of darkness give way to cloudless skies, and in due season the Sun of righteousness come forth with warmth, and light, and effulgence, upon their souls.

The oracles of the living God have shown us WHAT WE ARE; more indistinctly, perhaps, WHENCE WE CAME; but with noon-day clearness, WHITHER WE GO. Soon, however, shall each reader have these questions answered, by finding himself at the close of life’s brief voyage. Silently, but surely, the current of life bears us along. With many that current has begun to quicken. Faintly, in the distance, may be heard the roar of the rapids, which we must so soon approach. Let us hasten, then, into the ark of Christ. Once safely within its shelter, we shall hear unmoved the thunder of the cataract; we shall glide peacefully through its boiling and its troubled waters; and, safely emerging from the whirling eddy, float calmly along into the still and peaceful haven of eternal rest.

Oh! little do they know the nature of a Christian’s feelings who consider him uncharitable in pressing warnings upon an unthinking world. Would that they who so hastily prefer this charge could read the secret workings of his heart! Would that they could understand the bitterness of that sorrow which at times overflows it, when on looking round he beholds involved in one common danger the friends of his youth, companions endeared by community of tastes, acquaintances with whom he shares the sweets of social intercourse; and, dearer objects still, those bound to his heart by the ties of relationship or love. In his retirement, they would behold him unwearied in devising new schemes of kindness to win their attention to that subject which *he* considers all-important. In company, they would trace him leading, by gentle and imperceptible gradations, the conversation to that point; or breathing for all beside him, aspirations which fall on no ear but that of God. They would notice, as he contemplates their danger, the tear at times ready to start unbidden to his eye, and would feel his heart yearning to embrace them, and compel them with affectionate violence to haste into the spiritual ark before the waters have risen to spread gloom and desolation around. Would, above all, however, that the world could read the Christian’s grief on discovering these disinterested exertions prove abortive, on finding his anxiety repaid by cold indifference, and his warnings met by the sneer and jest. Would that they could follow him to the solitude of his closet; that they could witness there his pent-up feelings seeking relief in tears; his sorrow taking refuge in wrestling intercessions with his God: then would they understand the depth of his love; then would the scoffer be awed to silence, constrained to confess that the warnings given were faithful and just, and that the Christian’s urgency sprang from no uncharitable feeling, but from strong and uncontrollable affection.*

* From “The Three Questions: What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go?”—a work by the Editor of “The Leisure Hour.” Published by the Religious Tract Society.